

They Might Be Giants "In Fact"

Visit "[In Fact](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm a mess
Even at my best
I'm dismantling my chances
Even as I win
A bunch
I got tripwires to finesse
I'm a mess

Now I ain't right
If there's a test tonight
I will ask for an extension
As I slide my desk
A bit
Toward the conman dressed in white
I ain't right

In fact it's messier still
That mess is a hook that drags me along
And now that mess has an entourage
All dressed in dungarees
What went wrong?

I confess
And like a chess piece, yes
I have rolled under your piano
That you don't play
A lot
But I'm sorry, I digress
I'm a mess

So let me out
Don't want to be your mouse
I want to find a softer spot
For my crash landing
Not much to talk about
Let me out

In fact it's messier still
That mess on the loose and leading the mob
They march with pitchforks and torches now
They have your old ID disavowed

Visit [They Might Be Giants](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.